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**Egyptian Luxuries.**  
An Alexandria correspondent, writing to the Detroit Free Press, says: In the city of Egypt—golden served in minute cups, even smaller than the after-dinner coffee cups of France and of the same straight-sided shape—brought to light the following facts:  
First, the coffee should be pure Mocha from the little island so near out in the Mediterranean, and, by the way, it is almost impossible to get the real article since it is all engaged years ahead. Then the coffee is ground as fine as flour. Next, a small amount of the coffee and the necessary amount of sugar is put into a brass or copper vessel shaped exactly like an ordinary baby's tin-rattle, with the cover taken off of one of the feet ends. The cup thus formed and containing the mixture of coffee and sugar is tilted nearly full of water and is held by the handle over the fire until the coffee boils; then it is withdrawn and allowed to cool a moment, and is then held over the fire and the coffee allowed to come to a boil again; once more it is cooled and after the coffee comes to a boil the third time it is ready and is poured into the little cups. The brass coffee-boiler generally holds enough for two cups, though larger ones are sometimes used, some holding four cups. The liquid is thick and brownish-black, with a light-colored froth on top, and it is delicious. After the coffee is drunk, at the bottom of the cup remains about three teaspoonfuls of sediment that is like thick mud and is the coffee deposit. This coffee and a glass of water and an amber mouthpiece of the ten-foot long, flexible stem of the narghileh are the sights above the tables in all directions, and, searching below, we find scattered around the glass vessels half filled with water, to which the snaky stem may be traced.

It is decidedly a lazy man's smoke, as the tobacco is very mild and half an hour is required to get half a smoke, and how long a pipe will last no one knows. An hour and a half is as long as I have smoked on one, and then it was pulling away better than ever. It may take an inveterate smoker to enjoy one of these water pipes, but when the inveterate does get one he obtains a real treat after he has got the hang of it and does not tire himself out drawing too hard. Smoking a narghileh differs from other kinds of smoking in that the smoke all goes through the water below and is thus purified, and also in the method, because in place of short puffs is substituted a deep breath, and the smoke is taken into the lungs. It is not possible to smoke the narghileh as a pipe is smoked, so that those fearing to inhale tobacco should never attempt this water-pipe, also called the "bubble-bubble," which seems a very good name, and appropriate, too, as it expresses the noise made by the separate bubbles as they rise to the surface of the water from the bottom of the vertical pipe that leads up the tobacco.

The natives take their coffee and a strong pull at this pipe, which is a regular piece of furniture, as soon as they get up in the morning, and seem to keep at it all day, too. They claim, also, that the narghileh is good for colds, and they deserve credit for having found an agreeable thing that is good for any ailment, and that will replace fried onions around the neck of the unfortunate soul with the cold.

The cafe is as great an institution with the people of the Orient as it is with the French, and the warm climate makes the shaded out-door tables the popular ones, and they are crowded all day, whether along the Mohammed Ali square and in the crowded business places or in the back alleys where the visitors sit or recline on cane-bottomed lounges and meditatively draw long draughts of peace. Where all these men get a living is a mystery, as thousands of them seem to do nothing all day but drink coffee and smoke. The shopkeeper in his little 10x10 store smokes his narghileh while waiting for a customer. The thing is as necessary to an Egyptian as his hat, and possible more so.

## Bancroft and Byron.

In the January Century Professor Sloane, formerly private secretary of Bancroft, tells by authority the story of the meeting of Bancroft and Goethe, Schleiermacher and Byron. We quote as follows: "The American squadron was lying at the time in the harbor of Leghorn, and Bancroft was invited by the commodore to meet Byron aboard the flagship. There were present only a few other Americans, among them the consul at Tunis, with his wife and several ladies. When the poet, accompanied by his host and the principal officers of the fleet, came up the companionway, his countenance immediately fell at the sight of the ladies among the new arrivals, thinking probably that they were Englishwomen who had taken advantage of the opportunity to spy him out. But on learning that they were Americans he at once recovered his cheerfulness, and was most approachable. In fact, when the consul's wife laughingly said that her children would want some proof that she had seen Lord Byron, she was permitted to take the rose from his buttonhole. Before leaving, the nobleman's secretary invited Bancroft in his master's name to visit Monte Nero. So intense was the enthusiasm for Byron among the officers of the fleet that when he was rowed ashore one captain manned his yard-arm and fired a salute, but the commodore, feeling that the guest of the day had no position which warranted so official a greeting, allowed it to go no further. Shortly afterward Bancroft wrote a note to ask if he might call at Monte Nero and received a pleasant, lively reply. Byron's reception of his guest was cordial. He was simply but carefully dressed, and during the breakfast talked of Jeffrey and the bitter attacks of the Edinburgh Review. His eye was bright and his manner animated, but without bitterness or rancor. He seemed intensely interested in Goethe, and asked many questions about him. The idea that 'Manfred' was based on 'Faust' he declared to be false, explaining that he had never seen

'Faust.' He was evidently delighted to hear how great a favorite he was everywhere in Germany. He spoke also of Thorwaldsen's bust, and said, with seeming dissatisfaction, the last one was too shabby. After breakfast he invited Bancroft into the drawing room, from the windows of which, he said, Eba was visible, and indeed it was, but very dimly. While they were standing absorbed in trying to discern its outline, the door opened softly, and a light footstep was heard. It was that of the Countess Guiccioli, and without the slightest embarrassment Byron turned and presented Bancroft to her. She at once made some introductory remark in Italian and talked for some time. The conversation became general, and in the course of it Byron remarked, incidentally, that the Countess did not like the scolding tone of 'Don Juan,' and had entreated him not to go on with it, and that he had received letters from others to the same effect. That Bancroft's visit was remembered with pleasure is evident, both from the letters to Murray in which Byron alludes to his young visitor, and from the presentation copy of 'Don Juan,' with the author's autograph, still in Bancroft's library.

## Making Valentines.

The average citizen is not apt to receive a comic valentine descriptive of his principal fault or weakness with any degree of pleasure, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. He often gets mad and in some cases sear-ches for the sender. A factory in this city has, during the past ten months, turned out fifteen million comic and five million sentimental valentines. With such advantages practical jokers and lovers will have plenty of material with which to work on February 14, Valentine's birthday. The former prevalent custom of venting a petty spite by sending a comic valentine has comparatively died out in the eastern and middle states. West of the Mississippi river the valentine has, however, a ready sale.

I recently paid a visit to the above-mentioned factory. The many operations through which toy-books and valentines pass before they are ready to be delivered to the retailer are interesting. The first floor of the factory is occupied by paper-cutting and embossing machines. The paper on which valentines are printed is received from the manufacturer direct, and is not in condition for use. It must be cut in pieces, 4x2 1/2 feet, and on which are stamped sixteen comic valentines. After being cut, the paper is taken to the second floor and printed. Three hundred out of the four hundred employees in the factory are women and girls. While the majority of the work is done by skilled labor, some departments are operated wholly by machinery.

On the sixth or top floor half a dozen artists draw the pictures used in valentines and toy books. After a drawing is made and photographed the negative is coated with a solution and exposed to the sun. The negative is again coated, this time with lithographic ink, and placed in a basin of water barely deep enough to cover it. The ink is washed off, except that part of the plate on which the drawing has been photographed. The negative is then ready for the etcher. The etching process is too well known to bear repeating here. After the drawing has been etched on a zinc plate it is ready for the press. The operation by which rough zinc is made smooth is interesting. The zinc is placed under movable emery papers, which are charged half-hourly. These papers vary from hard to soft. The constant friction of the emery wears away the zinc, so that in time it becomes as smooth as glass. Seven papers, differing in quality and thickness, are used in the operation.

Supt. Thompson estimated that the firm owned 150,000 steel and zinc plates. It must not be supposed that a valentine can be struck off complete by one impression. In some cases valentines pass through no less than a dozen impressions. Each impression adds a different shade or color to the picture. Take for example a drawing of a machinist at work. The man's hat is red, his face and arms are pink, his hair and mustache are blue, with a tinge of black, and apron and table are yellow. The trousers green, while his shoes are blue, with a tinge of black.

Sentimental valentines are made of fancy paper and satin. The plates pass through the same process as comic. The handsome, highly perfumed valentines, which the languishing swain pays from \$5 to \$50, for, are hand-painted, or, as the superintendent said, touched up. The touching up consists of artistically daubing paint here and there about the outer surface of the valentine. These hasty strokes result in flowers, pictures descriptive of the billings of turtle doves, and pastoral scenes. The valentine firm employs a poet, to whom it pays a weekly salary. This genius writes yards upon yards of poetry (?) daily. The firm's production of comic valentines this year include 2,000 different designs and the same number of original verses. The poet has within the past six months written 2,000 comic verses, in addition to 500 verses of sentimental poetry. It is said that valentine poetry is difficult to write, and if this be true the composer of 2,500 verses averaging eight lines each, is entitled to no little consideration.

The insanity of "poor Carlotta," ex-Empress of Mexico, has lately been manifesting itself in an acute form. She appears to be always searching for something on the ground, and shows great satisfaction if she can furtively pick up some trifle unseen. Her attendants are careful to scatter small objects about her path. She will not allow any one to accompany her in her walks through the park or her estate of Bouclon, and if through the gates or railings she sees a passing peasant she flies and hides herself, with all the symptoms of subject fear. The King of the Belgians has decided to rebuild for her occupation the castle of Rebuver, which was destroyed by fire. It is situated in the middle of splendid forests, and will insure the afflicted Empress every privacy.

## The Home of the White-headed Mouse.

Often, as early in autumn as the first of October, the abandoned nest of rats and cardinal grosbeaks, and to some extent those of the brown and song sparrows, will be found very frequently to be tenanted by those beautiful little mammals, the white-headed mice (*Eutamias amoenus*).

While the fact of such situations being chosen by these mice, for their winter quarters, has been long known, I am not aware that observation has been carried beyond this point; and I recently endeavored to determine, first, to what extent these old birds' nests are tenanted; and again, whether or not some of them may not be constructed *de novo*, the builders using the abandoned home of a bird for the exterior of the new structure, and removing it, bit by bit, from its original site.

In the months of October and November of the past year (1885) I examined a series of forty-two nests, all of which were above the ground, and occupied by mice. All were strikingly different from any nest of a bird, such as is found in so exposed a position; none being open above, nor having the materials for linings such as our thrushes and larger larks are accustomed to use.

Of these thirty-two were placed in dense tangles of *Smilax rotundifolia*, or green-brier. None were near the upper or outer edges of the thicket, but usually about one third the distance from its uppermost surface, and midway from side to side; for instance, if the growth was ten feet high and six or eight in width, the home of the mouse would be at an elevation of between six and seven feet; and it had therefore a protecting growth of thorny smilax of three to four feet in extent above it, and nearly the same upon each side.

This was a very uniform feature of the series examined, and, if the mice merely occupy old nests of birds, indicates a uniformity in the matter of their locating by the birds, of which I was not aware, and which I am inclined to doubt.

Again, the smilax was so very dense or closely intertwined, in the majority of instances, that it was clearly impossible for a bird as large as a robin or grosbeak to have penetrated it with that celerity of movement necessary to escape the impetuous charge of a hawk. It is, I think, far more probable that the continuous growth of the green-brier, after the birds abandoned the nest, made it in many cases inaccessible.—Dr. Charles C. Abbott, in Popular Science Monthly.

## A Colored Journalist.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Graphic writes: Among the Paris journalists who have recently "gone over to the majority" may be mentioned Felix Belly and Victor Cochinat, a man of color. The former is said to have owned his start in life to a pun on his name.

When Belly was introduced to Dr. Veron, the latter replied to a request for employment that the positions on the *Constitutionnel* were all filled and that there was no room for the aspirant to journalistic honors. Roqueplan, who had chaperoned Belly on the occasion, remarked to the editor-in-chief that he ought not to lose an opportunity of enlivening his somewhat heavy columns and that the engagement of his friend would have that effect.

"How so?" asked Veron.

"Why, in that case you could print every day at the bottom of the fourth page, 'Belly, gerant' (belligerent), belligerant." "Gerant," is the technical term for "manager."

Veron laughed, and promised to give the gentleman with the warlike name a chance to distinguish himself.

An in urable night hawk, this dusky "homme de lettres" was always the last to leave the drinking-shop in the Faubourg Montmartre most frequented by the reporters and editors of the newspapers in the neighborhood. Cochinat could never be induced to leave the place until the waiters were putting up the last shutter, and he thus gained the sobriquet—suggested, doubtless, by his West Indian birth—of "Toussaint is Fermeture."

It was while contributing to the *Petit Journal* that Cochinat spent the happiest years of his life. An active newspaperman, he knew how to please his editor—a remunerative faculty that secured him a handsome salary. He came out especially strong on the occasion of celebrated trials, attending all the sittings of the court, and giving to his reports a peculiar and racy flavor. The Tropmann murders were rich places for the law reporters, and when the bodies were discovered in the Langlois field all Paris was paralyzed, the dailies devoting three entire columns out of their total of sixteen or twenty to the harrowing details.

As the reporters had all netted small fortunes from the case, they made it a point to go to see Tropmann hanged. On the way back Cochinat met Nazet, of the *Gaulois*. Taking him by the arm, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, the witty scribe remarked:

"My dear fellow, we have lost him." The best *mot* I have heard attributed to this scribe journalist was his reply to a celebrated member of the bar, and one of the ugliest men in Paris.

Meeting Cochinat on one occasion, and presuming to perpetrate some of the commonplace jokes based on the writer's dark skin and "crinkly" hair, the latter, looking straight at him, replied:

"Dear master, my father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, and my great-grandfather a monkey. You perceive that, after all, we belong to the same race!"

Probably the only Americanized Chinaman in this country is Joseph Ailman, of Oakland, Cal. He came to this country in 1851, when he was a mere child. He never associated with Chinese; he can not speak the Chinese language; he reads and writes the English language, and several times has tried to become a citizen. He is a property-owner and taxpayer.

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The Athlophoros Co. gladly refers sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, nervous or sick headache, kidney and liver complaints to those who have been cured of these diseases by Athlophoros, and will furnish names and addresses of many such persons to those desiring them. Athlophoros is the only remedy for these diseases that can stand such a test.

Edgerton, Kan., Jan. 14th, 1886.  
I was afflicted with rheumatism for eight years, and it had become chronic in its worst form, and after using one bottle of Athlophoros I have not felt any symptom of it for six months. It does more than that; my wife was afflicted with neuralgia for twelve years—had an attack every month. After taking one bottle, six months ago, has only felt it once or twice since.  
J. C. DOONE.

Mrs. Thos. McCue, Sanford Block, corner 8th and Main streets, Dubuque, Iowa, says: "I am still well. Last winter was a very severe and cold one for me, but I did not have any return of the rheumatism. Athlophoros has proven a good medicine for me." About a year ago Mrs. McCue had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, in which the feet and hands were very much swollen, so much so that you could scarcely see one of the ankles, and some of the toe nails were completely covered for many weeks. She had suffered almost the agonies of death. Finally, after resorting to various remedies with no avail, her husband noticed the advertisement of Athlophoros. The result of its use was miraculous; the swelling was soon reduced, the pain subdued, and she was again up and around and has not been troubled since.

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Notice is hereby given, That letters of Administration upon the Estate of Thos. Beattie deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, by the Bates County Court, in Bates county, Missouri, bearing date the 13th day of January 1887. All persons having claims against said Estate are required to exhibit them to him for allowance, within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from date of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred.  
W. S. Mudd, Adm'r. 841

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